

SERMON OF DR. TALMAGE IN PARIS
SUNDAY, JAN. 12.

PARIS, Jan. 12.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, preached in this city today. He is

THE RESCUE OF JOASH

I HAD WITHIN A FEW DAYS BEEN AT Jerusalem, where the occurrence of the text took place, and the whole scene came vividly before my eyes. I was in the site of the ancient temple and climbing the towers of the king's palace. Here in the text it is old Athaliah, the queenly murderer. She ought to have been honorable. Her father was a king. Her husband was a king. Her son was a king. And yet she was the cause of the extermination of the entire royal family, including her own grandchildren. The executioners' knives are sharpened. The palace is red with the blood of princes and princesses. On all sides are shields, and hands thrown up, and struggles, and tears, and groans, and shrieks, and screams. But while the ivory floors of the palace run with carnage, and the whole land is under the shadow of a great horror, a fleet footed man, a cerymmer's wife, Jehosheba by name, stealthily approaches the imperial nursery, seizes upon the grandchild, and, amidst the confusion of the escaped massacre, wraps it up tenderly, but in haste, snuggles it against her, flies down the palace stairs, her heart in her throat lest she be discovered in this Christian abduction. Get her out of the way as quick as you can, for she is a Jewess, and she is a young king. With this youthful prize she presses into the room of the ancient temple, the church of olden time, and wraps the young king and puts him down, sound asleep as he is, and unconscious of the peril that has been threatened; and there for six months he is hidden in the apartment. Meanwhile old Athaliah smacks her lips with satisfaction, and thinks that all the royal family are dead.

[illegible]

or Sanders, or Cranshaw, of extermination they were at the time when they had slain all the royal sons. Joash would spare some, and take the throne, and wield a very scepter of dominion.

Infidelity says: "I'll just exterminate the Bible," and the Scriptures were thrown into the street for the mob to trample on, and they were piled up in the public squares and set on fire, and mountains of indignant sentiment were heaped on them, and

[illegible]

well to dissolve a parliament, some Beethoven to touch the world's harp strings, some John Howard to pour fresh air into the lazaretto, some Florence Nightingale to bandage the battle-wounds, some John Ruskin to mend the crazed brain, some John Fredericks Oberlin to educate the bested, some David Brainerd to change the Indian's war whoop to a Sabbath song, some John Wesley to marshal three-fourths of Christendom, some John Knox to demolish idolatry and strike for the kingdom of heaven.

THE PRINCES IN THE CRADLE.

There are sleeping in your cradles by night, there are playing in your nurseries by day, imperial souls waiting for dominion, and whither else?—the world, the world, the world, the destiny of empires. For each one of those children sin and holiness contend—Athaliah on the one side and Jehoshaba on the other. But I hear people say: "What's the use of bothering children with religious instruction? They'll grow up and use the religion for themselves. Don't interfere with their volition." Suppose some one had said to Jehoshaba: "Don't interfere with that young Joash. Let him grow up and decide whether he likes the palace or not; whether he wants to be king or not; whether he wants to be a prophet or not; whether he wants to be like Jehoshaba; whether he wants to be like Jehoshaba knew right well that unless that day the young king was rescued, he would never be rescued at all.

I tell you, my friends, the reason

"I am as much a sinner as you," he said, "and I am as much in need of coronation." Can many a sinner work than this? And so he was crowned. He was crowned by Paul's service with enthusiasm; that was what led Munson to risk his life amid Bormesian cannibals; that was what sent Dr. Abel to preach under the consuming skies of the South Sea Islands; that was what led Phocas in the Third century. When the military officers came to put him to death for Christ's sake, he put them to bed that they might rest while he himself went out, and in his own garden dug a grave, and couched down there, saying, "I am ready," but they were shocked at the idea of taking the life of their host. He said: "It is the will of God that I should die," and he stood on the margin of his own grave and waited until they had buried him, and then he belabored him. You say it is a mania, a foolhardiness, a fanaticism. Rather would I call it a glorious self-abnegation, the thrill of eternal satisfaction, the plucking of Josiah from death, and raising him up again.

—MRS. WATKINS

from my text is that the church of God is a good hiding place. When Jehoshaphat rushes into the nursery of the king and picks up Joash, what shines forth with him? He is a king's son, and so to some room in the palace? No; or the official desperados will hunt through every nook and corner of that building. Shall she take him to the priests of the temple? No; they are the citizen would not dare to harbor the fugitive. But she has to take him somewhere. She hears the cry of the mob in the streets; she hears the shriek of the dying nobility; so she takes him to the temple, to the house of God, and then she puts him down. She knows that Athaliah and her wicked assassins will not bother the temple a great deal; they are not apt to go down into the temple, but she sets him down Joash in the temple. There he will be hearing the songs of the worshippers year

give toward it. They make no sacrifices. They dole a little out of their surplusage. They pay their butcher's bill, they pay their doctor's bill, and they pay their landlord, and they pay everybody but the Lord, and they come in at the last to pay the Lord in his church, and from as they will say, "There, Lord, it is all paid." And if it is not, it is like it, take it; send me a receipt in full, and don't bother me soon again!"

SEEK GODLY SOCIETY.

I tell you there is not more than one man out of a hundred who appreciates what the church is. Where are the souls that put aside one-tenth for Christian institutions—one-tenth of their income? Where are those who, having put aside one-tenth, draw up the curtains of life, and let light and drag, and hold on, and grab, and clutch; and giving is an affliction to most people when it ought to be an exhilaration and a rapture. Oh, that God would remodel our souls on the pattern of His church! We appreciate the house of God as the great refuge. If your children are to come up to lives of virtue and happiness, they will come up under the shadow of the church. The church does not get, and never will, the world will.

Ah, when you pass away—and it will not be long before you do—when you pass away it will be a satisfaction to see your children in Christian schools, where they can receive instruction at the holy sacraments. You want them mingling in Christian associations. You would like to have them live in the sacred precincts. When you die, you will leave behind you a family devoted to, in the best way, word,

sun, replica, and the golden sun
shines. I said: "What do you
mean by that?" when she said:
"I can't bear to see the sun shine;
heart is so dark that all the brightness
of the natural world seems a mockery
to me." O broken soul. O broken
heart. O broken life. O broken
why do you not enter the shelter?
I swing the door wide open. I swing
it from wall to wall. Come in! Come
in! You want a place where your
troubles shall be interpreted, where
your burdens shall be unwrapped,
where your tears shall be wiped away.

Church of God, be a hiding place to
all of the people,
and do not let their weary souls
and broken hearts find their way

Push upon them light from your chandeliers upon their darkness. With some soothing hymn hush their griefs.
 O, Church of God, gate of heaven, let none go through it, but all other institutions are bound to fail; but the Church of God—its foundation is the "Rock of Ages," its charter is for everlasting years, its keys are held by the universal proprietor, its dividend is heaven, its president is God!
 Sure as thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The scepter, thou shalt stand,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.
 God grant that all this audience, the youngest, the eldest, the worst, the best, may find their safe and glorious hiding place where Joshua found it—in the temple.

A Liverpool man has invented an automatic savings bank. When a penny or two halfpennies are pressed into the automatic bank the depositor pulls out a drawer and finds a printed ticket bearing a number in duplicate. He writes his name and address on the

been studying Buddhism.

There is a young giantess 5 feet 8 inches high, said absolutely to be only 12 years old, on exhibition in London. She is a Dou Cossack.

The fast mail service between New York and San Francisco has been reduced to four days, twenty-two hours and forty-five minutes.

"What a fine thing old age is," said M. Augier not long before his death. "One is surrounded with care, attention and respect. But what a pity that it lasts so short a time."

A sturgeon fourteen feet long was caught in the Sacramento river, near Chico, last week. Instead of killing it, the fishermen took it up to the boat and turned it loose in the river to get fat. They fed it on the entrails of salmon, and the captive likes the treatment.

Little Jim was but a few years old when there was a wedding in the family. The aged grandmother kept her seat during the ceremony. In telling him of it afterwards she said: "We all stood up and got married 'cept grand ma'."

A novel advertisement appears in a Gloucester (Mass.) paper. It is from a property holder, and notifies a certain gang of hoodlums that he intends to assert his rights against annoyance. It also reminds the parents of hoodlums that they have a legal responsibility for destruction of property, and closes with the remark that if the police did their duty there would be no occasion for the advertisement.

The farmers of the neighborhood of Hiawatha, Kan., are burning corn for fuel, finding it cheaper than coal. Corn is sold on the farm for twenty

creased from 2,000,000 to 10,000,000; the colored population from 4,500,000 to 28,200,000; and the state revenues of possessions beyond the seas grew from \$24,000,000 to \$122,000,000 a year.

Z. T. Devore, a Parkersburg (W. Va.) merchant, owns a dog of superior intelligence. The dog goes to the store with the mail every morning, and from it takes the mail addressed to the private residence of Mr. Devore's home. Nothing is given him but the attending to his duties as mail carrier, and he never makes a mistake in taking the letters to their proper direction. Every evening he sees to it that the evening papers are taken to the house, and if by chance the papers should be missing, he will be blown away by the wind or carried off by the boys, the dog makes a run into some neighbor's yard and hypothecates a paper, which he carries off home.

The Deserving Poor.

As superintendent of the Provident association, which seeks to relieve the distress of the poor, I have been conversant with the great mass of matter printed and preached about the mendicant class. This is all to the effect that hypocrisy and false pretense are the rule among the destitute. This I deny. St. Louis has no mendicant class, and the hardest part of the problem is to get up to believe the claims of poor who our organization desires to benefit. The self respecting poor man or poor woman in dozens of

SOMETIME.

Well, either you or I.
After whatever is to say is said.
Just see the other die.
Or hear, through distance, of the other dead—
Sometime.

And you or I must hide
Poor empty eyes and faces wan and wet
With life's great grief, beside
The other's coffin, sealed with silence, yet
Sometime.

Into the other's grave, or far or near,
and read, as in a book,
Write in the dust, words we made bitter here.
Sometime.

and the old clients that are going to write to the papers, and the folks that want twenty-dollar bills changed, and the folks you run over, and the wagons that run into you, I tell you a whole tail car driver gets saved after a while and can't feel like foolin'."

"I was saved that day. There were two folks in the car—a man and a woman—both of 'em was in the dirt. I told 'em, 'I'd shouted, but neither of 'em attended to me. I laid the missing face to the man because of his looks. He was about as poverty stricken as I ever saw. Not your laboring man's poverty. A laborer out of work never looked like that. It was tramp's rugs this fellow wore, and he had the hands of a tramp too. Under their dirt a tramp's hands are like the hands of a fine gentleman—same reason, he don't work. This man's name was Joe, and his face wasn't bad, but it was more likely he was trying to beat me out of five cents than that the lady was. And if he was a tramp he had money enough about him—they always have—and after I'd done my best from outside, I stopped the car and went to attend to him. The minute I got in I saw 'em—what it seemed to me sort of queer. I hadn't seen 'em before—the lady was a Miss Charity. She wore a black bonnet and veil, and a white thing under it. Her hands were crossed in her lap. She was as holy and pure to look at as if she'd been an angel. I looked at her, and then I said to the man:

"I want your fare."

He looked at me—hungry eyes he had and says he:

"I paid five cents into your box—isn't that right, driver?"

"That's all right, it did it," said I.

"Driver," he said, "give me your name and residence."

"What for?" I asked.

"No harm," said he.

"Do you mean to try to get me into trouble?" I asked, knowing that there were "spotters" about and making up my mind that this was one in disguise.

"I tried my best to get that lady's fare, but I couldn't be rough to a sister."

"I saw no lady. What do I care about the fares?" said the man. "If you give me your name you'll not be sorry for it, and I'll be glad to give you my name."

He spoke like a gentleman, for all his clothes.

"Oh, well, I'm not ashamed of my name—it's Jim Brown. This car is No. 10, and if you want me you can find me!"

"All right," he said; and I saw that he had folded his paper again and was fastening it up in his coat, pinning it with a black-headed pin.

At the next corner he got off.

That night I went to Dr. —, as kind a man as ever lived. I knew he wouldn't charge me for an opinion. I told him my story.

"Now, doctor," I said, "if I'm looney, but with it!"

"No, no, Jim," said he; "very sane men have optical illusions now and then."

"I don't want any more of 'em," said I. "Collecting fares of optical illusions don't pay."

"I should say not," said the doctor.

"I thanked him kindly and went away, and it didn't happen again. And the weeks went along, and it was winter, and as cold as Greenland, and passed on. I was lonesome like I ever have been. One mornin', I was standin' in the yard, talking to Mike Gallagher, the fellow that watered the horses and always had a joke for everybody. I called my name called."

"You're wanted Jim," said some one, and I went out into the street, and the man that had called me pointed to a gentleman—about as fine a looking one as I ever knew—and his, the gentleman, talked up to me.

"It's your dinner time, isn't it?" said

"Come along, then," said he. He talked me into a restaurant close by the babies, and said: "Call for what you want," and I named it. Then said he: "You don't remember me, Jim Brown?"

"No, sir," said I.

"You gave me a paper about six months ago," said he. "A newspaper."

"I'd like to take it. I should have slept peacefully out of life into eternity, and the city would have seen to my funeral," said I, and did not give him time to answer. "I want to go home," he cried, motioned, and as I expected, that money had been left in a lawyer's hands to take me home. When I got there I found that my stepmother had been dead three years, and that my father had been attacked by a disease that must be fatal. We were reconciled, and when he died I found myself a rich woman. I had kept Jim Brown's address, and I feel that I owe him something.

"Nothing at all!" said I. "The lady who was sister told me to give it to you."

"What lady?" said he.

"I'd like to know myself," said I, and when I told him my story.

"It is strange," says he. "I could swear that I was the only passenger at the time. I felt so miserable and so shabby that I purposely waited for an empty car. And another thing is very strange, Jim Brown," said he. "We never saw a ghost in our family. A nun used to appear now and then, always to do good. And my father declared that while he was ill she appeared to him three times, always pointing to my portrait, which hung in his bedroom, and always conveying to him in some way what it was his duty to search for me. In fact, she was the cause of our reconciliation."

I couldn't say anything. Neither of us spoke again until they came in; but he insisted on starting me in the restaurant house line I wasn't fool enough to refuse, and, as you see, I'm not a hobnob car driver any longer.

No, I haven't seen anything queer since that time, and I can't say I'm anxious; but whether the lady was a ghost,

usually and Panshin's to write, and he tells me that he has been asked several times, and finally, after a long delay, wanted policeman sent for the office of the paper in a hired fiacre. In Germany, whenever the police are engaged in any special work, they do not ride in the ordinary street cars, nor do they walk, but take a hired carriage or fiacre. This adds secrecy and dignity to the affair. When the policemen enter the publication office, they intimidate the frightened foreman into handing over all the copies he has in the place. These are taken down stairs and carried into a back room where there are very many of them; another fiacre is called. The printers must take the objectionable matter from the forms, and the police make "piii" of it.

Usually these officers bear a warrant for the arrest of the editor. The chief editor, who sees them before he goes to work, gives them the names of most papers, right under the terms to subscribers, he keeps a name, say, Johann Schmidt, responsible editor." And when there is any arresting to be done the police must wreak their vengeance upon the man whose name appears in some petty violation on the paper. When he is in jail for writing something which he didn't write, the paper pays him a good salary and looks out for his family. The liberal newspapers and socialistic publications have no trouble at all in getting able editors on tap, and when number one is in the lockup the name of number two takes his place in the paper until,

When they finish, the editor says: "Well, meine Herren. I am only a printer here. There stands the responsible editor." The police scowl at the speaker and march off the responsible editor. It quickly happens that the newspaper has already been sent out and distributed throughout the city, in which case the police must find the printer and the copies of the paper. They visit every reading room and cafe in the city, and cut out obnoxious paragraph out from papers on the files. In Vienna there are many cafes, and one can imagine what job it is to visit each one and look

While the police are going through the records of the city, the editor is preparing a second edition omitting the article which provoked the wrath of the Staats Anwalt. In the center of the space this omission naturally creates the word "Confiscated" is usually inserted. A Berlin paper from which the speech had been taken out, read in the second edition:

THE AMERICAS.

Comparative Areas of the Central and South American Countries.

Central and South America embrace areas a little greater than twice the extent of country in the United States and territories, and a population of about 50,000,000, or about one-sixth smaller than the population of the republic.

Mexico covers an area just about equal to that part of the United States east of the Mississippi river, exclusive of the states of Louisiana and Mississippi, and has 10,000,000 inhabitants.

The five Central American republics of Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua and Salvador cover an extent of country about the same as five states of New York—Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan and Illinois, and have a population equal to both New York and Indiana.

Brazil's area is somewhat greater than that of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, and her population is five that of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio.

The Argentine Republic, with about half the area of the United States, has a population not quite as large as Pennsylvania.

Colombia is nearly equal in extent to New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, with a population probably a little less than that of New York state.

Bolivia's territory is somewhat greater than that of the Atlantic states, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan, and has a population about Indiana's.

Peru is a little larger than the Atlantic states and Pennsylvania, and

frances, or £12,000. Before it came into the possession of its present owner the suit of armor had been a remarkable career. It belonged originally, it is stated, to Francis I, and fell into the hands of the Duke of Holsteinsold, who bought it for 2,500 francs, disposing of it later on to Lord Ashburnham for 25,000 francs. Years afterward the latter, in turn, sold it to a London dealer in curiosities for 30,000 francs. The dealer passed it on to an English millionaire for 25,000 francs. When the millionaire died it was left unnoticed in the corner of a lumber room, and the house, being afterward destroyed by fire, the celebrated suit of armor was found among the ruins of the old mansion, and was sold in old iron. It was uncared for in his shop not long ago by the Paris merchant, who bought it at a merely nominal price and cleaned and restored it, after which he was lucky enough to find a purchaser willing to take it for 12,000 francs, being a bargain rate, at the opening notes of "Where Did You Get That Hat?" stopping short with the opening line in a most aggravating manner. The thing will, of course, become a craze, and as great

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